

Rus

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A DESPERATE SITUATION.

POLITICAL ADVISER.—For goodness's sake! Don't forget the boys!!



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Wednesday, December 27th, 1893.—No. 877.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING
MACHINE
POLITICS.

HERE HAS been a certain grim humor in the attitude of John Y. McKane, ever since the news of his conviction startled him. One unlearned in the ethics of Mr. McKane's political creed might reasonably have expected the Boss of Gravesend to be shamed and cast down by the exposure of his methods and the resulting conviction. Yet, Mr. McKane really believes himself to be a martyr to a glorious cause. Probably no other martyr in the history of the world ever more keenly felt himself the victim of cruel persecution. He is deeply grieved; his feelings are hurt. He sadly insists that he has "done nothing wrong," and that this "persecution" is the result of "mere public clamor." His attitude is very like that of the unfortunate French monarch who protested to the very last that the people had no right to take off his head, because they were the People and he was the King. In order fully to appreciate the events preceding his conviction, the conviction itself, and his behavior thereunder, it is necessary to remember that Mr. McKane is one of the brightest graduates ever turned out by the School of Machine Politics. For years he has done his will with practically the entire vote of Gravesend. Fraudulent registration, ballot-box stuffing, and false counts have come to seem to him natural and right and praiseworthy. His way of ruling has been notorious, yet he has gone on unmolested. Each new election only grounded him more firmly in the belief that election laws must suffer when they conflict with the politician's necessities. Small wonder, then, that he was highly indignant when a mere judge of the Supreme Court had the effrontery to interfere with his quaint and time-honored custom of temporarily repealing the laws of nature; — for, be it known, that while Mr. McKane's kingdom has a population of only 8,000, he has not found it difficult to produce a registration list that calls for a population of 30,000. The emissaries of the impudent judge were treated in a manner that will at once occur to those familiar with Coney Island tradition. They would hardly have been worse treated even had they strayed into a West Brighton concert hall at the height of the season and refused to buy beer. And

we believe Mr. McKane implicitly when he says he has acted in perfect good faith from the beginning. That's where the humor of the thing comes in. But there is something more than humor there, — something that every voter and tax-payer should consider carefully. It is the utter and complete demoralization of politicians of the McKane stripe. The gravest aspect of the matter is, not that they are capable of manipulating elections with brazen dishonesty, but that they should be incapable of seeing that they are criminals. This defect of perception is the most important attribute of the machine politician. It is possessed in perfection by men like Hill and Sheehan and McKane and Croker. It is the fault of the voters who have allowed partisanship to guide them at election time, that men of this kind have come to believe that dishonesty is approved by the community. The conviction of Mr. McKane should be made the entering-wedge for a general turning down of such men. The crying need is for more of the "mere public clamor" which Mr. McKane so indignantly resents. The moral of the McKane case is that machine methods made the man a tyrant instead of a representative of the people. There may be good tyrants as well as bad tyrants, and Mr. McKane, no doubt, ruled his people well according to his lights. Mr. Croker has lately made some remarks, and very able and interesting remarks they were, too, and highly correct, — from Mr. Croker's point of view. Of course it is true, as he has said, that thorough organization is necessary in party and in government, and that a centre of responsibility should be fixed in either. But Mr. Croker's remarks, continued logically to their conclusion, might be used as an apology for any monarchical form of government. Mr. Croker points to Tammany's 70,000 majority and says that Tammany is in touch with the people. This is not to be denied, but it is in touch just so long as Mr. Croker chooses on his side to remain in touch; and, as the people have not chosen Mr. Croker to govern them, it is not at all unfair to say that Mr. Croker's machine has made him just as much of a tyrant and just as little of a representative of the people as the worthy French gentleman who lost his head one chilly January morning in the *Place de la Concorde*. Mr. McKane thought beyond a doubt that he was the heaven-appointed ruler of his province, and that all things were right and permissible to him. He has gone a step beyond Mr. Croker, but it is only a step. Both of these creations of the Machine seem to think that there is no other mode of government possible. The fact that Mr. Schieren will take his seat in the Mayor's office in Brooklyn on January 1st, shows that there is one large community midway between the territories of these two Bosses, that does not think so, and we trust that Mr. Schieren's administration will prove that it is not mistaken. But let it be remembered that no matter how good a Mayor this new man may make, municipal government can never be permanently well administered without a system of civil service reform that will take the subordinate offices out of the hands of the spoils-brokers, leave it to the people to decide who shall serve them, and then insure these servants permanence in their positions while they perform their work well.



THE ONLY CAUSES.

MRS. DOBSON.—Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's the matter.

MR. DOBSON.—Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat!

IN WASHINGTON.

COL. CRACKER (of Alabama).—Do you know, Mr. Pennave, that one thing which strikes me very forcibly is the absence of any monument in Washington commemorative of the bravery and valor of the South.

MR. PENNAVE.—Why, Colonel Cracker! We have an enormous one! The largest and the most expensive in the city.

COL. CRACKER.—Well, I'd just like to see it!

MR. PENNAVE.—Step around and have a look at the Pension Office.

QUITE LIKELY.

HEELER.—McKinley seems to be having a big bee in his bonnet.

STUMP.—A species of humbug, rather.

"A HORSE! A HORSE!"

"A horse! a horse!" the actor cries —
His soul filled with remorse;
"A horse! a horse!" (he walks the ties) —
"Me kingdom for a horse!"

R. F. Wilson.



A TABLED RESOLUTION.

FIRST STRIKER.—I move we pass resolutions denouncing the unauthorized mobs that has been attackin' scabs and destroyin' the company's property, an' expressin' our abhorrence of all acts of disorder, and explainin' that none of the strikers was there.

SECOND STRIKER (sadly).—No use! I've just heard one o' them scabs had a camera.

IT IS the seductive invitation to "have something," that sickles o'er the native hue of the New Year's resolution with the pale cast of thought.

THE MAN who advised people to think twice before speaking once, was engaged in a vain attempt to stop conversation in the opera-boxes.



PUDGY'S WEAKNESS.

MISS CLEVERTON.—Oh, don't be afraid, Mr. Knobrain! Pudgy is always barking at nothing.



A GRASPING PUBLIC.

MR. BAXTER.—Zome beoples vants de eart'!
FRIEND.—Vat worries you?

MR. BAXTER.—Here all tay I've been giving vine vatches mit effery twenty-dollar zuit of clodings; und effery vun of dose purchas-ers has gone back to gomplain pecause dose vatches vunt go!

NO BIGOT.

WIFE.—George, I wish you belonged to my church. The new minister is a man you would like.

HUSBAND.—Not such a bigoted Methodist as the other, then, is he?

WIFE.—No; he's very broad! He believes that Episcopilians, if they repent, can be saved.

A MUFF.

HE (*at the dance*).—I beg pardon; but when Mrs. Robinson introduced me I failed to catch your name.

SHE (*sweetly*).—Ball.

HE.—Great Caesar—what a muff!
And I'm on the college team, too!



THE BAD BOY.

Once more we find him tempting fate,

And by his own design;

His favorite sport is still to skate

Around the "Danger" sign.

J. J. O'C.

MAGNA CUM LAUDE.

PRIMUS.—Were you at the Cook-
ing School Commencement?

SECUNDUS.—No. Did Miss Cobb graduate?

PRIMUS.—Yes. She read an original recipe for baked beans, and made an omelette in an old hat in two minutes.

SECUNDUS.—Was she applauded?

PRIMUS.—Yes; the stage was covered with bunches of celery.

RED-TAPISM is that quality of the mind which makes a clerk exult because he has the power to delay payment of money, that does n't belong to him, into the hands to which it is due.

BRACE.—I don't see how you can prefer Brooklyn to New York.

BAGLEY.—So unconventional, dear boy; a man with only one glove can get into society over there.



NOT A BIT DANGEROUS.

LANDLORD (of the "Traveler's Rest").—See that feller over there? Dooin' the past year he has plugged no less than six men right on the street.

TENDER FOOTE.—I should think the community would not allow so dangerous a man to run at large.

LANDLORD.—Lord bless your soul, man! There ain't a bit of danger in him to the community. He never hits nobody but the man he shoots at!

A CHANGE OF NATIONALITY.

THE CITY editor of a newspaper which employs the services of an enterprising young man—a friend of mine—to a small amount, asked him one day to investigate a strange story which had come down over the telephone from the Fourteenth Ward Hospital. He gave the young man an order on the cashier for his car-fare. Having exchanged that for ten cents' worth of malt extract with a gentleman on William Street, my friend walked up to the Fourteenth Ward.

He passed his credentials in to the chief-surgeon at the hospital, and was admitted.

"What is this case you told us about?" he asked, borrowing the chief-surgeon's knife to sharpen his pencil. "You have n't made a successful operation, have you?"

"Worse than that," replied the chief-surgeon; "infinitely worse. A young man named Brown was—"

"Got his first name?" queried the reporter.

"No. He was—"

"Age?"

"Did n't learn. He was brought in here a week ago—"

"Address?"

"Can't say. He was brought in here a week ago with a bad wound in his head. He had been struck by a brick which had fallen from a passing building, and—"

"A passing which?"

"A building which he was passing; and a part of his brain was missing. It looked like a pretty serious matter, and so I took hold of the case myself. We found that it would be necessary to supply the deficiency in brains. We have none to spare here, so—got that?"

"Yes."

"So we sent out. After a while we found an Irishman

who had been mortally wounded in a prize-fight, and who had no further use for his brains. We operated on him, and made the transfer. Our patient was an American, and he seemed to get along first-rate until yesterday. Then he got up out of bed and assaulted his physicians, throwing four of them downstairs. He does n't recognize his wife, and claims that he, alone and unassisted, can lay out any seven men in the hospital if he is not molested by the police. He also speaks with a strong Irish accent, and has gone back on his politics. He claims his name is Dolan."

The chief-surgeon reached behind him for his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his face, with the air of a man whose confidence had been abused.

"How do you account for the change?" the reporter asked, re-crossing his legs on the window-sill.

"We don't account for it at all," the chief-surgeon answered. "We find nothing in history like it, and only an autopsy will reveal the secret. I regret that we can not perform an autopsy now. Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you! But how is it that—"

A tremendous fall, and a wild whoop of defiance from above stairs interrupted the reporter, and caused the chief-surgeon to rise and remove his coat.

"That's him!" he said. "You'll have to excuse me for a few minutes. If I call you, I wish you'd come up to assist me; for sometimes—"

As the chief-surgeon disappeared, the sound of a scuffle came from above, accompanied by the words:

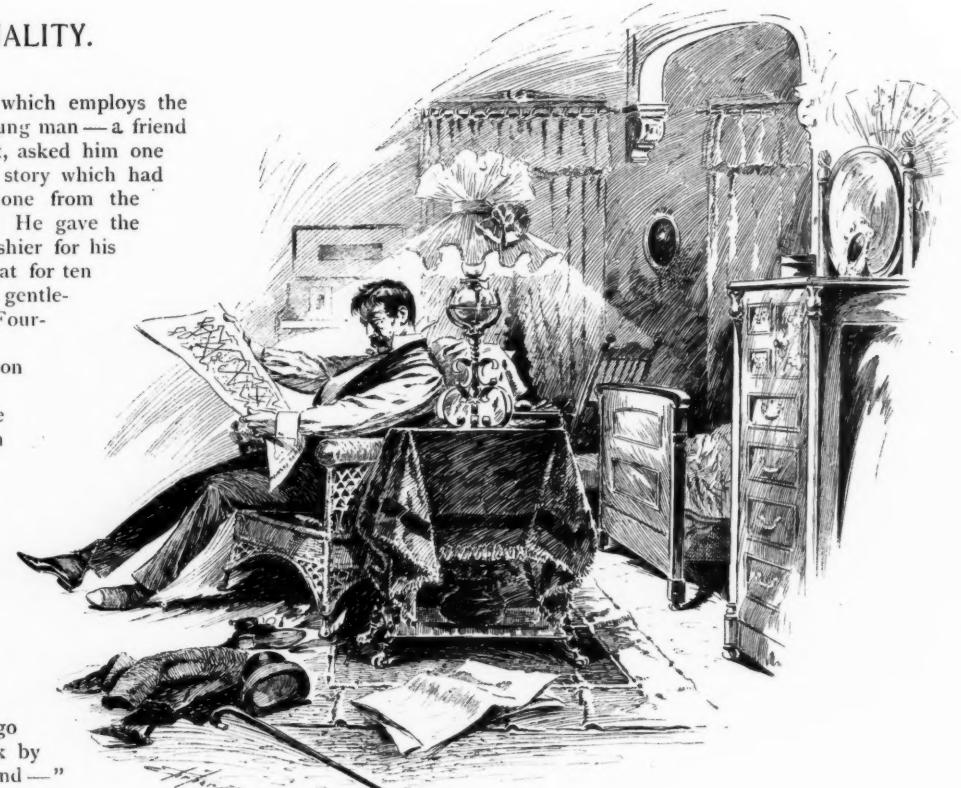
"Tak' yer corner, ye bald-headed mick—tak' yer corner er Oi'll baste the face off yez!"

Robert Barnes Cramer.

"IS SHE NOT PASSING FARE?"

—Two Gentlemen of Verona. A. 4, S. 4.

A POET RECENTLY sang of the rainbow, which he said contained all the colors of the peacock.



A BLUFF THAT FAILED.

MRS. BARRE.—Don't you think it enough to be getting in at two o'clock in the morning, without sitting up after you do get home?

MR. BARRE.—M' dear, I was jus' studyin' map of the English and Af'can war a few minutes—that's all.

MRS. BARRE.—I must admit that sounds well—but that happens to be the pattern supplement of my fashion weekly you are looking at!

AN UNBIASED JUDGE.



"ID YOU get those theatre tickets, Charley?" asked Mrs. Bridie of her obedient husband on his return home from business.

"Yes, dear;" he answered.

"Did you get them for Thursday night?"

"Yes."

"And did you find out whether you can change them if I decide to go to Minnie's reception, after all?"

"Yes; I can exchange them for some other night."

"And did you get aisle seats?"

"Yes."

"Pretty well back, so we can get out in case of fire?"

"Third row from the rear."

"That's nice! And, O Charlie!" exclaimed Mrs. Bridie, with a little shade of anxiety in her voice; "did you remember to ask the man in the box-office whether the play was really funny?"

Harry Romaine.

A SUGGESTION.



Courting couples find the umbrella of great advantage on the beach.



Therefore, why should it not be of equal advantage during their honeymoon?

AT THE feet of the blushing, timid girl,
In frenzied haste he threw
Himself and forced her 4B foot
Into a No. 2.

THE MEALY-MOUTHED man naturally often indulges in flourishes of speech.

THE SUN was bathing the landscape in a flood of warmth, when the King of the Cannibal Islands awoke.

"Any of that albino left?" his majesty demanded.

"No, sire," rejoined the court purveyor.

"Well," the sovereign insisted, with some show of petulance, "what, then, do you propose to give me for a light lunch this morning?"

The menial trembled, and was silent.



HE KNEW THE LAW.

MISS SUMNER (*sooettishly*). — Now, in dear old England, Mr. Parke, it is the custom for a gentleman to kiss any girl he finds under the mistletoe, I believe?

MR. HYDE PARKE (*siding toward the door*). — Why — aw — yes! I believe it is the custom; but — aw — it's not *compulsory*, you know!

EVIDENTLY NOT!

JACK. — Hello! Are you drinking again this morning?

TOM. — Oh, I'm just taking some of the hair of the dog that bit me last night!

JACK. — The dog was n't a water spaniel, I see?



MAGNIFICENT TRAINING.

ATTENDANT. — That right arm of yours seems to be terrible powerful, sir, compared to your left one.

BATHER. — Yes; you see I've done the carving at my boarding-house for the last seven years.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"More young women went to college from the city of Brooklyn during the year last past than young men." — *Educational Statistics*.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Vassar, sir!" she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?
I never have been at college," he said.

"Then I can't marry you, I'm afraid."
"Nobody asked you, Miss," he said.

C. L.

UNCLE EZRY AND FRIED CHICKEN



UNCLE EZRY was a good old Kentucky darkey, who, though experiencing, at times, moral lapses, was, as a rule, an example to his race. As much, however, could not be said of his half-grown son Ephraim.

One night, when Uncle Ezry came home from work, he found his wife preparing a chicken for supper. His suspicions were aroused, but he did not mention them.

"Chloe," he remarked, casually, "where 's Eph'um?"

"Out in de shed choppin' kin'lin'," she replied. The shed was just outside, and Uncle Ezry went out to see Ephraim, carefully closing the door after him.

"Eph'um," said the old man, sternly, "wha' you git dat chicken?"

"What chicken?" inquired Ephraim, innocently.

"Don' ax me dat!" exclaimed Uncle Ezry, warmly. "Dat chicken yo' Mammy 's cookin' fer supper, ob co'se."

"Mas' Henry gi' me hit," pleaded Ephraim.

"You lyin' black rascal!" ejaculated Uncle Ezry, reaching for the boy; "you done stole hit. You cain't tell disher chile no sich tales as dat. Di'n't I see you sneakin' roun' dat coop when Ise cleanin' up Mas' Henry's giarden? Come here, you low-down nigger, till I giv you a wallopin'."

A scuffle ensued, which evidently alarmed Aunt Chloe, for she opened the door to see what was the matter; and, as she did so, a delightful fragrance of frying chicken floated out and filled the shed. Uncle Ezry almost lost his grasp on Ephraim.

"Shet dat do! Shet dat do!" he yelled. "I'se got ter wallop disher lyin' nigger, an' ef you let dat do stan' open half a minute mo' I ain't a gwine have de powah an' grace ter do it."

Aunt Chloe shut the door promptly, and a few minutes later Uncle Ezry was unctuously asking a blessing on the fried chicken and other viands.

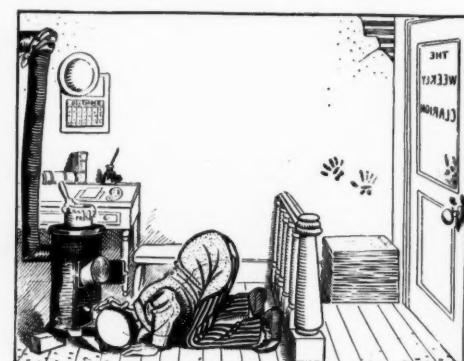
Will. J. Lampton.

A MORAL DIAGNOSIS.

The Tenderloin district is peopled
With mountebanks, gamblers and cheats;
But that is the heart of the city,
And they are its regular beats.



POET (entering). — I would like to leave this poem, in the hope that you will be able to use it. Good-day!



THE EDITOR.—Able to use it? Well, I should smile!



A WINDFALL.

HOPELESS HIGGINS (in great surprise). — Where did you git them funny lookin' clothes, Fad?

FOOTWORN FADDEN. — A young feller down the street there give 'em to me — he says he's jest finished his course at Yale College!

UNDER THE PALM.

As the caravan paused in the grateful shade of the oasis, they continued their discussion of comparative theology.

"No," declared the shiek with the long, white whiskers; "I can not believe the Christian miracle of the loaves and fishes."

The camel-driver with buff sandals sighed.

"Thou hast never, seemingly," he observed, "partaken of oyster stew at one of their socials. It is a wondrous faith, verily!"

Quaffing again of the sweet waters that sprang from the rock, they moved forward.

NO NEED OF THEM.

GUEST. — I should think you would have electric bells put in the hotel.

RURAL LANDLORD. — What fur? To have folks ringin' of 'em all the time?

INITIATED.

The vegetarian, from his board,
Carnivorous diet routs,
And feels no hardship, having been
Put through a course of sprouts.



THE EDITOR (writing). — Mr. T. Emerson Gibbs — Your poem is accepted, and will be paid for on publication. We would like to add that there is more poetic warmth in these verses than in any we have received, lately.



A SURE SIGN.

MRS. GRAYNECK.—I'm kinder afraid, Josh, that this is goin' to be a hard Winter. All the signs that I have noticed seem to indicate it, any how.

MR. GRAYNECK.—Pshaw! This is goin' to be an awful open Winter. I've jest been readin' that Senator Peffer lately moulted two feet of whiskers; and you can bet he always knows what he's about!

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

The goose that laid the golden eggs,
Though queer, you must allow,
If she were in the business still,
Would hatch gold eagles now.



A CORNER CASUIST.

WICKWIRE.—You are no more blind than I am.
DISMAL DAWSON.—Well, what's it to you?

WICKWIRE.—What business have you wearing that card?
DISMAL DAWSON.—Jist as n.u.ch right as anybody. I don't say I am blind. This here is jist a abstract proposition. See?

FEMININE INTUITION.

WIFE.—I'm not going to that dressmaker again. She is not so fashionable as she used to be.

HUSBAND.—Why, that dress is one of the most stylish I ever saw!
WIFE.—Yes; but she sent it home the day she promised.

AN EXPENSIVE DRUG.

ANGRY MAN.—That prescription you gave me to have filled for my wife cost me a pretty sum. My dog ate it.

PHYSICIAN.—It certainly will not cost you much to have it refilled.

ANGRY MAN.—That is not the point. The dog died; and he cost me a hundred dollars.

N. B.

While you are ringing out
So many things, Wild Bells—
Wring out the napkins drier
In some of our hotels!



DESPERATE MEASURES.

CAPTAIN OF POLICE.—How far shall I go in carrying out this order to break up the Anarchist meeting?

SUPERINTENDENT.—Even to detailing a man to steal their keg of beer.

MADE HER CRY.

MRS. NUWED.—Here's a lovely necktie I've made you, love!
NUWED.—Why, my dear! How did you know I was going to the masquerade ball?

A NURSERY TALE.

THE GOVERNESS.—There was once a poor widow who had three sons, and the youngest left home to seek his fortune.

LITTLE MISS UPTODATE.—Which girl did he ask first?

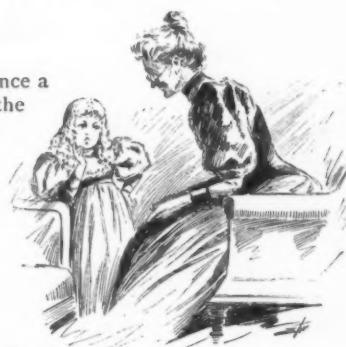
A LESSON FROM THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

MAMA.—Did you hear me when I called to you to come in?

TOMMY.—Yes 'm.

MAMA.—Then why did n't you obey?

TOMMY.—That book Santa Claus brought me says, "To hear is to obey."



GOING THROUGH Princeton is bucking the intellectual tiger.

LAUNCHED AT LAST! — GOOD LUCK TO HER!





YOUTHFUL LOVE.



THE FIRST pangs of love usually assail the young man at the age of twelve years or thereabouts. He finds, as he fondly imagines, the counterpart of his soul in some pretty, mischievous minx of a school-girl, and thenceforth his life resolves itself into a dream of passionate devotion. He thinks and dreams of nothing but love; and, sleeping or waking, the fair image of his charmer constantly floats before him. He grows pale and distraught, absents himself from the playground, and takes long, solitary walks beneath the whispering trees.

At length his passion breaks into song, and the object of his devotion receives a penciled missive —

TO MY LOVE.

Oh! how I love you!
Oh! my heart is true!
I love you from ever to ever,
No knife my love can sever.
Oh! be my darling wife!
O Sweet! my love! my life!
Your own Devoted
Admirer.

From this time forth his heart undergoes all the tempestuous experiences of the confessed lover.

Anon, he is elevated to the seventh heaven by being presented with the core of his loved one's apple, at recess; and, again, he is plunged into the depths of despondency by seeing the light of his life willingly accept the escort of a rival on a Maying expedition. O Fierce, Green-eyed Jealousy! Oh, the bitter uncertainty of still unrequited love! Sometimes, when she casts a kindly glance at him, like a sunbeam, across the school-room, he fancies that the victory is won, and all about him seems bathed with glory. And then follows some thoughtless slight, and for days he walks in abject gloom, hugging his sorrow to his heart. He has no hope now of success. If she loved him she would not torture him so. Alas and alas! Why was he ever born?

His mental sufferings are too much for him, and he falls sick. The doctor prescribes rest and change of air. In vain the lover protests; his heartless parents are determined to banish him from the scenes of his hopeless passion. He clings to his environment like a burr, but all in vain. Away into the country he goes — and in less than a month is dead in love with a little brown-faced daughter of the soil. She gratefully returns his devotion, and all is peace and joy.

They pledge vows of eternal fidelity. They gaze in each others' eyes, and sigh, and long for the time when they will be old enough to marry. They plan their housekeeping arrangements. They will keep no prying servants, but will just live on love and lunches. They will be all in all to each other. They will eat at a little round table in a garden; and if one devours an onion the other will do likewise, so that no estrangement may come between them.

Finally the youth returns to town. For a time his letters come three times a week; then twice; then once; and finally they cease altogether, and the little country maiden learns, through a friend, that her once devoted swain is in love with one of the lady-teachers at the academy — a person nearly twice his own age. Her heart is broken, but she bears it all bravely, and time finally heals the wound.

What a tragedy, and yet what a comedy, it is, to be sure! Ten years pass, and we find all the *dramatis personae* married — the youth of fickle fancies, the little school-girl flirt, the nut-brown country maid, and the teacher of uncertain age. And so the story ends:

The youth marries for money. The flirt — strange as it may seem



AN IDEAL SPOT.

FARMER FREEZEOUT.—Now, I'd jest like to know what you men bought this here tract of land for, even at two dollars an acre? The thermometer ain't much above freezin' nine months in the year, and I've most starved ever since I owned it.

MR. CYNDICATE.—Why, certainly, my good man! We intend to boom it into a Winter resort for fashionable New York invalids.

— marries for love, and fails of it at last. The country maiden marries a plodding student from her native hills, and ere long presides at a college professor's table. The academy teacher marries an actor — and learns how to walk.

Yes; they are all married. They have awakened from love's young dream. They have passed the age of sentiment — Ah! but have they?

Paul Pastnor.



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BRIDGET.—Mrs. Hoolihan's Mike do be sayin' he has a recipie that wud make me complexion as fair as a babby's.

O'TOOLE.—Wull, it's a dandy, if it wull do it!

NO HELP FOR IT.

DASHAWAY.—Old man, can't you dine with me tomorrow night?

STUFFER.—Certainly, old fellow; but you will have to make it eight o'clock.

DASHAWAY.—Why so late?

STUFFER.—I have another dinner at six.

THOROUGH.

Failing in everything he tried,
Despair on him prevailed
To end it all by suicide —
And then his courage failed.

John Ludlow.

DIVORCE is a case of one divided against one's self.

JESS.—What is the outlook with you, socially, this season?

BESS.—Never better; I spent last year marrying off my chaperons, and now I am going to do business in my own name.



THE CRUEL TEST.

HE SOUND of the trumpet echoed through the castle.

“Sire!” cried the herald, “her majesty’s mother has arrived in safety.”

The king bowed coldly.

“Now,” he observed, turning to the court logician, after the messenger had retired, “to resume our discussion of yesterday. You were contending against the efficacy of prayer. Perhaps you are right, after all.”

A BUSINESS INTEREST.

WINDYMAN (*sneeringly*).—The idea that we should be forbidden to eat meat on Friday! It is bigotry, intolerance! And yet you uphold it. You are a Catholic, I presume?

LISTENER (*quietly*).—No; I’m a fish-dealer.

DISTANCED.

READE.—I think Scribbler’s poems show so much poetic feeling!

WRIGHT.—Yes; they show *feeling*, but they don’t touch.

THE MAN who has over-confidence in himself, is often too dull of hearing to distinguish between a cheer and a jeer.

AFTER THE ball is over
And paid all the expense,
There’s left to go to the needy poor
A balance of fourteen cents.



THE VERY IDEA!

TEXAS JACK.—I guess we’ll have to run that tenderfoot bank cashier out of town!

BRONCO BILL.—What for?

TEXAS JACK.—You know the last feller we strung up for horse stealin’? Well, that cashier actually wanted the man identified first!

INVINCIBLE.

CURREN TWETHER.—Does n’t this weather beat anything you ever saw?

OLE DE STINABITANT.—No, sir; it does not! I’d have you understand, sir, that *no* weather beats anything *I* ever saw.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

CORA.—There is the great suffrage agitator who believes that women should have equal rights with men.

MERRITT.—I thought as much. There was a long line at the ticket window, and she shoved her way in at the head of it, because she was a woman.

MANY A CHAP thinks himself browbeaten when he is only beaten by the gray matter behind the other fellow’s brow.



A MONOTONOUS JOB.

PASTOR.—Well, how do you like your job, Patrick?

NEW ORGAN PUMPER.—Not much, sor! Faith, it’s all work and no play!

FIRESIDE COMPANIONS.

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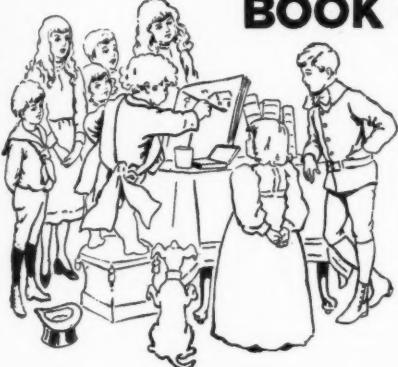
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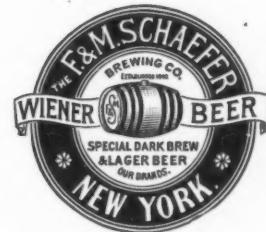
WILLY RAGGS. — Yes, Mum; he could n't tell a lie!

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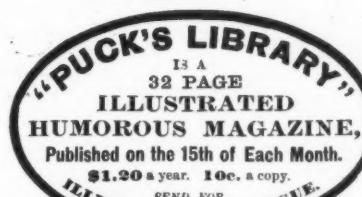
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PUCK.



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Sits shaving, all unconscious that the stealthy foe is near.



But his toilet's interrupted, and he boundeth in his fear, —
The Amazon has grabbed his gun and brandishes her spear.



Then she circles round her victim, jabs him with her spear so bright,
While his teeth they loudly chatter and his eyes pop out with fright.



On his knees he begs for mercy, cries in purest French "Alas!" —
While the war-maid notes, with wonder, her reflection in the glass.



Quick all warfare is forgotten — to the mirror quick she turns —
All the wild charms of her person for the first time she discerns.



Lost in admiration wholly, scans her image full and clear,
While Jacques grasps the situation and likewise the gun and spear.



All his terror is forgotten, he's the bravest of the brave,
Plucking victory from defeat by the very closest shave.



Then his captive stalks in sadness while he chuckles in his glee:
"Oh, woman! lovely woman! lost again through vanity!"

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

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